



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

FDC

CREEPY

#25

FEBRUARY

40c

WHAT
SOCKET
SHOCKING
SURPRISES
AWAIT
YOU
INSIDE
THIS
HAUNTING
HOLOCAUST
OF
HOLIDAY
HORROR!

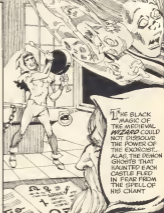


EVER WONDER WHAT YOU'D DO IF A DEMON DECIDED TO DROP IN FOR A DISPUTE? JUST IN CASE A CREATURE SHOULD GREET YA... HERE'S A TIP OR TWO THAT'LL NIP A FEW... FROM THE PAGES OF...

CREEPY'S LOATHESOME LORE



EVEN THE GRANDEUR OF GREECE COULD NOT MATCH THE DOMINION OF THE DEMON WORLD—ONCE THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING WAS BRACKLED IN THE DARK KINGDOM... ONLY THE **EXORCIST** COULD HOPE TO RELEASE THEM!



THE BLACK MAGIC OF THE MEDIEVAL **WIZARD** COULD NOT DISSOLVE THE POWER OF THE EXORCIST... ALAS, THE DEMON GHOSTS THAT HAUNTED EACH CASTLE FLED IN FEAR FROM THE SPELL OF HIS CHANT



THE CHANT OF THE EXORCIST SOON BECAME THE SYMBOL OF THE CHARM... SMALL TOKENS AS DEFENSE AGAINST THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLES! KING CHARLES I OF ENGLAND CARRIED SUCH A CHARM GIVEN BY POPE LEO TO SPARE HIM SATAN'S WRATH!



LOOBY... FEAR OF THE DEMON SPIRIT HAS CARRIED THE RITUAL OF EXORCISM INTO THE CUT OF CIVILIZATION, MADDENING RITES ARE PERFORMED TO EXPEL SATAN BY SPINKLING BLOOD UPON STONE SOULS! SUCH IS THE WHITE MAGIC OF EXORCISM THE ANSWER TO THE AWE OF BLACK NECROMANCY!



CREEPY

NO. 25

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** RICHARD CONWAY
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: TONY WILLIAMS, LUNE REED, CRANDALL, ERNIE COLON, EUGENE COLAN,
DAN ATKINS, STEVE DITKO **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** ARCHIE GOODWIN, BILL PARENTE

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



Just finished reading your October ish, #23 and it was really groovy. All the stories were fantastic, especially WAY OUT and CAT NIPPED. As far as I'm concerned, I'm a lifelong fan of CREEPY. It is absolutely the wildest, spine chillingest mag I've ever read, anywhere. As soon as I can ruble up a buck I'm going to join the Fan Club. I hope that's soon.

TONY RAMPE
Linco, Ohio

If you're fain to round up some grief belt, chief... better watch your wagon! Here on horror hennstead you know what we do with rustlers! Yahoo... why we RANG 'em... natch!

Hey, what gives? I pick up CREEPY #23 and what do I get, or should I say what didn't I get? No blood! First we have GARGOYLE and what's a gargyle good for if he won't attack and draw your blood? And what about JACK KNIFED? Supposed to be about Jack the Ripper, right, so how come no blood? Then you have QUICK CHANGE, a wolf man's delight and what do you think, right again RUDE AWAKENING and CAT NIPPED, both very good stories and still NO BLOOD! I buy CREEPY to see action, bloody action so ME's got with it. Urrr, you're sipping. And I don't mean on any blood either.

MICHAEL STILTNER
Sander George

Not slipping ally... SIPPING! No wonder your palette is parched for plasma and if you're not quick on the lick, lick... you'll never get bleed!

Completed reading CREEPY #23. Good, very good! I thought Sutton's cover was great. If he keeps up the good work, he just might become another Frapetta. On the other hand, WAY OUT was awful! The plot was horrible and the artwork mediocre. GARGOYLE had to be the best this issue with QUICK CHANGE running a second place. About JACK KNIFED, yecchhh. RUDE AWAKENING, that's another story. In all though, I have to say I enjoyed the issue.

BILLY CANTRELL
Clinton, Tenn.

It's a thrill to chill you with my evil... Well, this time maybe, my weak will rate a bleecchhh instead of a yecchhh!

I write now because I dislike seeing a good product ruined. I have been abroad for a number of months and the last issue I had purchased was CREEPY #16. Since then I had heard or seen nothing of it until just today. All I saw on the stand was CREEPY, dead in a corner at the upper section of the cover. Mechanically I picked it up and when I finally sat to reading it, I was appalled. I remembered the beautiful illustrations, and plots of an older tradition. Now the cover, the plots, the pictures: almost utterly atrocious. The issue was #23 and all to make up for it was GARGOYLE and JACK KNIFED. And even though they were both superb, they could not possibly make up for the dropping of quality in CREEPY. Please, remind me the reason that remains to the mainstream glory you have known in the past.

DON L. CORRIE
Crown Hill, Maryland

Don't weep Creep... star, give your glance another chance and sneak a peep at my latest, greatest heap from the horror harvest!

I just ran my insides out to the book store and bet my bones that your new issue of CREEPY would be there. Sure enough it was and I bought it. The cover of #23, beautiful, the stories, great and especially the artwork, super colossal! WAY OUT was pretty good, great idea to have a hippie story. But what's so spooky about a guy blowing his mind? GARGOYLE was really good, I like 18th century tales. JACK KNIFED was absolutely the best artwork and mystery in the entire book. How does Mr. Rockwell draw like that? His real life tales are good! QUICK CHANGE was a shocker and I enjoy the way you interrupt the story on page six. Just like a show with an intermission. Toff and Goodwin come up again with a goggle in

RUDE AWAKENING and CAT NIPPED ended for once with the human winning and the monster losing. Sutton did a fantastic job with the cover this issue and I think it's worth framing.

WAYNE BODIN
Dunth, Minn.

No wonder WAY OUT didn't weigh in with you Wayne. With your insides inverted and your bones bawled... how could that mind blowing showing give you a brain blast? Sheeeesh!

Just received issue #23 and this is the scoop. Tom Sutton's cover was quite good but still a far cry from the ones Frapetta used to do. The best story, GARGOYLE. Angelo Torres art was just the greatest. A close second is WAY OUT. That had a new and different twist and James Haggan Miller should be commended for his perceptive plot. RUDE AWAKENING was so so but Alex Tobin's art seemed kind of amateurish. Next is the word for QUICK CHANGE. Bill Parente's story gave a new twist to the werewolf tale. Barry Rockwell's art in JACK KNIFED was different but, however, different doesn't mean better. At the bottom of the list is CAT NIPPED. The art was good but the story was rather boring. I'm afraid.

DOM JACOBSON
St. Paul, Minn.

Paupic Parente better watch whose tale he twists from now on, because... he's bristling with enough wolf woe already, without wailing any ends in the were-lar!

I think you're getting better with age even though there were some top performances when you were a bit younger. Now about a few more classical horror tales in upcoming issues! By the way, what were you doing in Cousin EERE's ish #17 is TO SAVE FACET? You gave me quite a start. While I'm on the subject, I think the time has come to give your Cousin a good flogging. The way he cuts you up in his letter columns, and shows you he doesn't respect his elders. After all, you must be at least three hundred years older than he is.

RON KOHL
Palm Beach, Fla.

ME... older than burg-belly! Come on Ron, quit the grin... otherwise when the Greenin gets gonked for that punk about my junk, you get the whip for your lip!

CREEPY #23 had a good cover by Tom Sutton but more detail was needed and the let-

tering in the lower, left of the corner could have been deleted. Drop the sensational approach and add another to acquaint your new readers with the message of the magazine. As that lettering clatters up the cover and after all, a glance at the contents page will inform the reader about the stories inside. If some stories are reprints, why not say so, people are going to think you're trying to pull the wool over their eyes. I'd like to see you confine your jokes to the letters page, keep your foot out of the middle of the book, it detracts from the mood. The script WAY OUT although good had poor artwork. For instance, the demons on the first page didn't look evil enough and that Devil, ludicrous! GARGOYLE once more showed the imagination of Archie Goodwin and he combined an intriguing plot with an unexpected ending. RUDE AWAKENING was one of his lesser attempts though. I see Bill Parente is starting to shoulder more of the load each issue. His JACK KNIFED, QUICK CHANGE and CAT NIPPED were all more than average while JACK KNIFED along with Barry Rockwell's art, appealed to me the most. He's an upcoming artist who seems to be on the way.

JOE M. TIERCE
Gary, Indiana

So who's pulling the wool over your orb? I'm as blind wit... why should I try to disguise your eyes when I'd much rather blind your mind!

Issue #23 was great with a few exceptions. The cover was good as usual and I think you should reprint all your best covers and sell them as a plus poster. This issue, the best stories were GARGOYLE, JACK KNIFED and QUICK CHANGE. The only one I didn't care for was WAY OUT. One other problem. I can never find your issues. I missed 20, 22 and 22. I just got #23. It is just August and I have the October issue. I know you put them out early but this early? Please explain why!

TIM PRATHER
Austin, Texas

Production problems can wrap up quite a letter, Prather... therefore we keep well ahead of our dead deadline. But you can stop your drooling and get my fearsome fooling by snipping the subscription clipping out, and slipping it IN the mail, pronto!

Want to write w/ Address your poems can letters to: CREEPY LETTERS 77 E. 42nd St. N.Y.C. 10017



HERE'S A LITTLE DREAM SCREAM I SCHEWED UP
FOR ALL YOU SHAKING INSOMNIACS... SO SHOVEL THE
SAND OUT OF YOUR SLEEPY SOCKETS WHILE I HELP
YOU...

KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP

AFTER RAGE TREMBLING THROUGH
HIS BODY... DANTE WONDERED AS
HE DESTROYED THE OBJECT OF HIS
WRATH, IF HE WOULD EVER FIND
THE MASTERPIECE HIS FINGERS HAD
NEVER PAINTED.

JUNK... ALL OF IT
WORTHLESS TRASH!!!

...OR WOULD THE HOPE
BE BURIED IN THE DUST OF
HIS GRAVE.

WHY CAN'T I CREATE SOMETHING
NO ONE HAS EVER DONE BEFORE...
HAMMM... MAYBE A TRIP TO THE
SPIRIT WORLD WOULD HELP... HA!

WOMAN SEES ALL
FORTUNES TOLD
★ SPIRITUAL
CONTACTS
SEANERS



YOU MUST CONCENTRATE...
OUR SPIRITS WILL BE JOINED
TOGETHER IN THE CLASP OF
OUR HANDS...
CONCENTRATE...

CRAZY OLD HAG...
HOW DID I EVER GET
MYSELF INTO THIS RI-
DICULOUS NONSENSE!

Y...E...S...I FEEL
YOUR SPIRIT ENTERING
MY BODY...SOON IT
WILL BE IN THEIR
WORLD...THE LIMBO
OF THE DEAD!

OLD WOMAN...
WHAT'S HAPPENING...
I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES
FROM CLOSING...



MY HEAD...SPINNING...
GETTING DIZZY...



INCREDIBLE... THE OLD
GYPSY DID IT! THE KINGDOM
OF THE DEAD... I'M HERE !!!



WHY HAVE YOU
COME HERE...
PAINTER?

YAAAAHHHHH...NO...



YOU HAVE DARED TO ENTER THE
DOMINION OF THE DEAD...
WHAT REASON HAVE YOU?



ONLY TO SEEK THAT
WHICH WILL HELP ME TO
LIVE SPIRIT... THAT IS MY
BUSINESS !!

THERE IS NOTHING
HERE FOR YOU...



BEGONE INTRUDER...
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

STAY BACK DEMON
THINGS... YOU CAN'T HARM
ME... ONLY THE LIVING CAN
DESTROY THE LIVING...
KEEP AWAY...



AAAAHHHHH...

AHHH... MUM
...WHERE...

GASP... GASP... THE
TRANCE... IT'S BROKEN
...GASP!



IT DID NOT GO WELL... THE
SPIRITS ACTED VIOLENTLY...
DID YOU FIND YOUR FRIEND...



...I DIDN'T SEE HIM
BUT I HEARD HIM... HE
CALLED TO ME WE MUST
TRY TO REACH HIM AGAIN.

WHEN OLD WOMAN...
WHEN CAN WE
TRY AGAIN?



IT IS VERY
DIFFICULT FOR ME,
BUT IN ANOTHER WEEK
—COME BACK THEN—
I WILL TRY

AND SO...CONSUMED IN THE MADNESS OF HIS MEMORY...DANTE RETURNED TO HIS CANVAS THE VIVID HYSTERIA HIS SPIRIT HAD WITNESSED...



SUCCESS...
TRULY NO PAINTING HAS EVER BEEN DONE LIKE THIS BEFORE!

...ENGULFING HIMSELF IN THE FANTASY OF HIS DEATH TRIP WITH EACH FEVERISH STROKE OF HIS BRUSH!



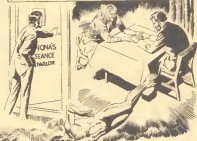
AT LAST... A MASTERPIECE!
THANK YOU OLD WOMAN... THANK YOU... HAH HAH HAH HAH!!!

FANTASTIC... YOU SAY YOU HAVE MORE...?

MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE MR. CONRAD... AND STUFF THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD FRIEND... OUT OF THIS WORLD!!



NOW THAT THE TASTE OF FORTUNE HAD SWEETENED DANTE'S POCKETS...



...NOT EVEN THE TORTURED WARNINGS OF THE SPIRITS HE DERIED, PREVENTED HIM FROM RETURNING TO THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SOULLESS...



UNTIL NEXT WEEK OLD WOMAN I FEEL CLOSE TO SUCCESS THIS TIME!



AND RETURN HE DID...WEEK AFTER WEEK...BRINGING BACK TO HIS NEW STUDIO THE IMAGES OF EACH TRIP HIS SPIRIT MADE, AND AS BEFORE, ONCE THOSE VISIONS BEGAN TO FADE IN FRUSTRATION OF FORGOTTEN MOMENTS...

...DANTE WOULD FILL THE BLANK OF HIS MIND WITH BIZARRE REMINDERS OF EACH PSYCHIC VOYAGE.



IT'S NO USE...THIS IS TERRIBLE! I MUST SEE THE OLD GYPSY AGAIN... TONIGHT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO MORE SEANCES? WHY NOT...

I CAN'T HELP YOU ANYMORE...ALL THESE VISITS AND STILL YOU HAVE NOT FOUND AN ANSWER...WE MUST STOP.



LOOK YOU OLD WITCH...YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME FIND WHAT I WANT...OR ELSE!

CHOK!...PLEASE...YES... WHATEVER YOU SAY... GAG...LET ME GO!

AND MAKE THIS A GOOD ONE...LET'S REALLY SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO...WONA THE GREAT...HAHANA...

JOIN HANDS...I WILL BEGIN.



YOU HAVE BLASPHEMED OUR WORLD MORTAL... YOUR USE OF A FRIEND YOU BOUGHT HERE...

...YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR WITH OUR PATIENCE!!



...YOUR SEARCH IS ENDED FOOL...YOUR FRIEND AWAITS YOU...THERE!!!

YOU CANNOT FRIGHTEN ME WITH YOUR TRICKS...THIS FOOLISHNESS CANNOT HARM ME!

AS DANTE PASSES THROUGH THE MENACING PORTAL,
IT CLOSES WITH OMINOUS FINALITY...

THE WAY TO RETURN HAS
BEEN BROKEN DANTE... YOU
HAVE CONDEMNED YOURSELF
TO **THIS** WORLD...



FOREVER!

BUT I'M ALIVE
HEAR ME... **ALIVE!**



ONLY IN **YOUR** WORLD
INFIDEL... BUT YOU CANNOT
GO BACK THERE...

AND TO REMAIN HERE
IN OUR WORLD... YOUR
SPIRIT MUST BE...

DEAD!!!



AND ONCE THE SPIRIT HAS BEEN MURDERED...

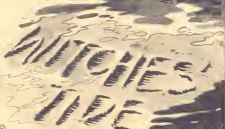


POOOFFFF... THERE GOES
DUSTY OLD DANTE... JUST WHEN
HE WAS GETTING INTO THE
SPIRIT OF THINGS TOO! TSK...
TSK... AFTER ALL THOSE
TRANCES HE TOOK... NOW
HE'S NOTHING BUT A
NO BODY AGAIN... BOO
HOO...!

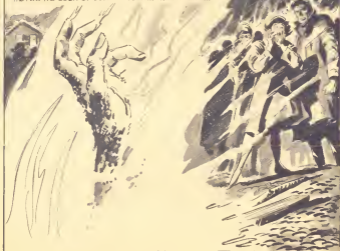




WELCOME BACK, FIENDISH FOLLOWERS, TO ANOTHER SHRIEK SESSION DOWN HERE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE DUNGEON... HOPE YOU'RE WEARING GAOULOSES BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO BE DAMP GOING WHEN YOU STRIKE THE WEIRD WAVES OF THE...



RAIN WAS FALLING ON GREY COVE, STEADILY FALLING, UNCEASINGLY FALLING... AND NO ONE NOTICED OR CARED, THE RAIN DRENCHED CLOTHING, SOAKED INTO SHOES, BUT COULD NOT PENETRATE THE SENSES OF THOSE GATHERED IN THE TOWN SQUARE... NO MORE THAN IT COULD QUENCH THE RAGING FLAME, HOLDING ALL TRANSFIXED, OR COVER THE ODOR NOW PERMEATING THE AIR, THE ODOR OF BURNING FLESH... HUMAN FLESH...



THE TOWNSPEOPLE BUNCHED TIGHTLY IN THEIR RIND, BUT EACH PERSON WAS A SEPARATE UNIVERSE... AN ISLAND OF THEIR OWN THOUGHTS. **MILES CURTIS** GRIMACED IN THE FLAMES! HEAT AND THOUGHT BACK TO THE DAY THE HORROR BEGAN FOR HIM... AND ALL GREY COVE!

YOU SURE 'BOUT THIS, MILES? GOT A GOOD LOOK DID YOU? MAIN DRINKS LIKE YOU WERE LAST NIGHT SOMETIMES MAKES MISTAKES NEXT MORNIN'...

LORD, LEW! I WISH IT WERE A MISTAKE! ALL THREE OF THEM FISHERMEN FROM THE CITY I RENTED THE PLACE TO... **H-HORRIBLE!**



OH, MY GOD!

MY LITTLE GIRL HAD A RAG DOLL ONCE... GOT MAD AND RIPPED IT APART... T-THOSE MEN... JUST LIKE RAG DOLLS!



LOT OF PUDDLES ON THE FLOOR... SALT-WATER, SAND...

AND SOME FUNNY MARKIN'S ON THE BEACH AROUND THE SHACK... NO FOOT-PRINTS! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE... NONE OF IT! H-NOT FOR HUMANS! HOW CAN IT BE, LEW? HOW?

I'M JUST A DEPUTY SHERIFF, MILES. THREE TIMES A YEAR I CATCH A SPEEDER... IF I'M LUCKY! I'M OVER MY HEAD WITH THIS... **HEY! WHO'S THE SIGHTSEER?**

LOOKS LIKE THE MAGNUS GIRL... LIVES WITH THE WHITBYS. DOES HOUSE-KEEPIN' FOR 'EM...



...GUESS WE SAW THE AMBULANCE AND DECIDED TO TAKE A LOOK.



THE RAIN KEPT ITS STEADY PACE AND THE FIRE FLARED BRIGHTLY. NEWSPAPER EDITOR **AVERY SUMMERS** DIVE IN TO ITS HYPNOTIC AFFECT, LETTING HIS MIND DRIFT...

TWO MORE PLACES LAST NIGHT, LEW? WIPED OUT... NO ONE LEFT! **IT'S MONSTROUS!** YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING **FAST, LEW!** IF YOU DON'T, THERE'S PLENTY OF OUTRAGED CITIZENS WHO WILL!

BRING ME THOSE BACK ISSUES I WAS CHECKING!



SO FAR IT'S JUST BEEN OUTLYING CABINS AND SHACKS, BUT EACH KILLING SEEMS TO REACH CLOSER AND CLOSER TO TOWN...

HERE IT IS! TWENTY YEARS AGO... ALMOST TO THE DAY! SAME STUFF GOING ON!



THEY HAD SOME MANIAC RUNNING AMOK THEN?

MORE THAN A MANIAC... THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A **WITCH!** ACCUSED A WOMAN OF USING SPELLS TO SUMMON DEMONS FROM THE SEA TO KILL... ACTUALLY BROUGHT HER TO TRIAL!

WHAT'S MORE, THE ACCUSED ADMITTED IT! HAD A STROKE AND DIED CURSING GREY COVE, VOWING TO DESTROY IT. THERE WAS TALK OF BURNING THE BODY TO BREAK THE SPELL, BUT THE JUDGE CALLED IT POPPYCOCK...

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYTHING TO IT, DO YOU? HOW COULD A WITCH CARRY ON A CURSE AFTER BEING DEAD TWENTY YEARS? MR. SUMMERS...?



GOOD LOOKING GIRL. HUH? SARAH MAGNUS! WHITBYS' RAISED HER... MUST'VE BEEN TOUGH FOR HER BEING AN ORPHAN...

PERHAPS NOT. HER **MOTHER WAS THE WITCH!**



AS THE FLAMES FEED ON
THEIR DREADFUL FUEL...
SO DID WOLA WHITBY'S
ANGER FEED ON THE SIGHT
... ANGER, AND ANGUISH...
FROM THE TOO RECENT PAST...

I TELL YOU I HEARD NOISES...
STRANGE NOISES......FROM SARAH'S
ROOM! YOU'D BEST LOOK, CLEM...
AND BE CAREFUL!

LORDY WOMAN. THE GIRL'S
PROBABLY JUST COMIN' IN
FROM A DATE... I'VE GOT
THE GUN HAVEN'T I?

ALL THESE
TERRIBLE KILLINGS...
SARAH WOULDN'T GO OUT
WITH SUCH THINGS HAPPENING
... SHE C-COULDN'T!

CLEM! WHAT'S
HAPPENING? CLEM!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SAY
SOMETHING!

O-CLEM!

KAPOW
POW!

GYAHHHHHH!

EEEEEEEEE!

HANDS CLENCHING AND UNCLENCHING, **DOC HASBROOK** COLDLY APPRAISED THE WORK OF THE FIRE...HORRIBLE, BUT NECESSARY...AS EACH THOUGHT CONTINUED TO REMIND HIM...



SARAH! I NEARLY RAN YOU DOWN!
WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT? HAVEN'T YOU
HEARD ABOUT CLEW?
SARAH! STOP!



PLEASE, DOCTOR!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
THERE'S SOMETHING
I MUST DO!

YOU DON'T
REALIZE
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING!
DEPUTY HOAD
CALLED ME...
HE AND HIS
VOLUNTEERS
WERE ABLE
TO SAVE VIOLA,
BUT CLEW'S
BEEN KILLED!

THEN
IT'S TOO
LATE
FOR ME
TO DO
ANYTHING
... THIS
IS MORE
IMPORTANT!
**LET ME
GO!**



SARAH!

THE WHITBYS GAVE
YOU A HOME...
RAISED YOU AFTER
YOUR MOTHER
DIED...RAISED
YOU WHEN MOST
OF THE COMMUNITY
WAS AFRAID AT
EVEN LOOK AT
THE DAUGHTER
OF... OF...
A WITCH!

AND YOU'RE
NO BETTER
THAN ANY
OF THE REST
OF THEM,
ARE YOU?
WELL, I
DON'T CARE
ANY MORE!
AFTER TONIGHT,
YOU'LL KNOW!
**KNOW FOR
SURE!**



NOW TAKE
YOUR HANDS OFF ME,
DOCTOR HASBROOK...
DO... AS... I... SAY!



WHAT TH-- I-- I CAN'T
MOVE! PARALYZED! HOW?

SHE'S RUNNING OFF
TOWARD THE SEA...
JUST LIKE HER
MOTHER USED TO DO!



UNEASINESS CLUTCHED AT DEPUTY LEW HODG... THIS WAS BEYOND LAW ENFORCEMENT, IT WAS MOB ACTION, YET AFTER WHAT HE HAD SEEN THIS NIGHT, HOW COULD HE OPPOSE IT?

T-THEN THINGS THAT ATTACKED WHITBY! SEEMED TO HAVE COME FROM THIS WAY... RAIN MAKES TRACKIN' HARD...

HOLD IT! LISTEN... AROUND THE BEND, ABOVE THE STORM... SOMEONE'S SHOUTING! A GIRL!



SARAH MAGNUS!

SUMMONING UP THAT DEMON'S SPAWN!!



FILTHY
MURDERIN'
WITCH!
I'LL END
THE DEVIL'S
BUSINESS...
NOW!

STOP! IT'S
NOT UP TO
US! THE
LAW SHOULD...

THE SEA'S
GOTTEN
CALMER...
THOSE
T-THINGS
HAVE...
DISAPPEARED!
THE MINUTE
SHE DIED...

WHY NOT,
LEW... WE
GOT RID
OF THEIR
CAUSE
DIDN'T
WE? AND
THIS
TIME WE
AIN'T

MAKIN' THE
MISTAKE THE
LAW MADE
TWENTY YEARS
AGO!

ONLY
SURE
WAY TO
BREAK
A WITCH'S
POWER IS
BY *BURNIN'*!
THEY DIDN'T
DO IT TO
SARAH'S MOTHER
AN' LOOK WHAT
HAPPENED...

THIS
TIME WE'LL
DO IT, AN'
THERE AIN'T
A SOUL IN
GREY COVE WHO
SPEAK TO STOP
IT!

NOW IT WAS
OVER. THE INFERNO HAD BECOME
PHANTOM WIPES OF SMOKE BEING EXTINGUISHED
BY INCREASING RAIN. THE CITIZENS OF GREY COVE
FELT AN AWARENESS OF EACH OTHER, THEIR
MUTUAL CLOSENESS, AND EVEN A TINGE OF SHAME...

YAHHHHHHHHHH!!

WHO IS IT? WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

AS A BODY THEY
TURNED TO THE SOUND
OF HORROR AND AS A
BODY THEY WERE POUNDED
WITH REVULSION AT THE
VAST PULSATING WAVE OF
SLITHERING, GROPING
MONSTROSITY...

THE T-THINGS... HOW
COULD THEY COME BACK
...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THE CURSE SHOULD
HAVE BEEN BROKEN
AFTER BURNING THE
BODY! UNLESS...

...IT WASN'T
SARAH WHO SENT THE
SEA CREATURES
AGAINST GREY
COVE...

...SHE WAS
USING HER WITCH'S
POWER TO HALT
HER MOTHER'S
SPELL...

...AND
SUCCEEDED JUST
BEFORE BEING SHOT!
HER WITCHCRAFT
DROVE THE MONSTERS
BACK INTO THE SEA.

...AND WE SET
THEM FREE AGAIN BY
BURNING SARAH MAGNUS!

STEADILY AND
UNCEASINGLY AS THE
NOW HARD-DRIVING
RAIN, CAME THE
LOATHSOME DEMON
TIDE OF SQUIRMING
DEATH, SWEEPING ALL
IN ITS TENTACLED PATH,
THE SCREAMS OF ITS
VICTIMS ALL BUT
DROWNING OUT LEW
ROAD'S LAST WORDS
AND GREY COVE'S
EPITAPH...

AT LEAST
SARAH TAUGHT
THE CITIZENS OF
GREY COVE A
LESSON... THAT
THERE ARE BAD
WITCHES AND
GOOD... I THINK
THEY CAUGHT ON
JUST A LITTLE
TOO LATE, BUT
IT'S STILL A NICE
RESORT TOWN...
IF YOU'RE A SEA
MONSTER! AND
YOU MONSTERS
WILL WANT TO SEE
MY NEXT SCREAM
STORY.

THE CRAWLING HAND

TURN ON the switch and watch! THE HAND comes to life! THE FINGERS flex as the hand starts to walk across the room. The large ring on the third finger sheds a light of eerie horror over the room. The alert life like plastic hand, made of latex rubber with a biological wrist, starts across the room and only 70¢ down where it came from. Only \$4.95 plus \$3c for postage and handling.



SEND TO: CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept.
P.O. Box 2787 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017



4D MAN

The Conscious-Making 4Dimensional Man can walk through walls, but inside the life force of energy is kept inside! These becoming a modern Mummy. Only \$5.95.



WAR OF THE PLANETS

WHAT HAPPENS when a runaway planet gives heading from planet space? Another universe calls in a sphere scientist to stop exploding satellites, and trouble in the stars. This is a truly wonderful space-mad-scientist film. (and you want) cost \$4.95. So get it today! \$4.95, 100 feet, \$2.75.



WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST

A monster of the Atomic Age! A towering terror from Hell! The story of a man trapped in the lair of a phantasmic beast—and the terrible events that followed. Only \$3.95.



THE BLOB

Tenagers use what looks like a shooting star blast to escape. As its landing spot they find an odd new world in pain. Its hand covered with a strange substance. They rush him to a doctor, who warns of the substance spreading before his eyes. The blob continues to spread, & terrorize the town. Only \$3.95.



IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SPACE SHIP landed with nuclear weapons goes out of control? They land on earth and launch a terror scientist trying to save the earth. Is he successful? This scary film tells you what really happens. 100 feet, \$2.75.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

AMERICA'S MOST MISERABLE COMEDIANS meet the world's most monstrous character... and that's where the fun begins. Dr. Jekyll gives Costello a drug, turns him into a monster. Everything goes pear-shaped and featured Reed goes mad. Absolute fun to see. And this film is the funniest! \$2.95, 100 feet, \$2.75.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

THE KING OF THE MONSTERS WORLD team up in the funniest monster film ever made. Bringing Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man and The Invisible Man combining their eerie talents to trap Abbott & Costello. They even suggest using Costello's brain for the Monster. Great fun! \$2.95, 100 feet, \$2.75.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN ROCKET & ROLL

THE FUNNIEST COMEDY in Hollywood double up for a crazy rocket trip through outer space. Beatles and carles in space turned them. The runaway rocket ship sends the life out of them. And through it all Abbott & Costello give a hilarious performance that will make you "die" laughing. \$2.95, 100 feet, \$2.75.



NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME—THE 3 STOOGES IN 3D

Aside from the special color-film viewers supplied with this film, no special equipment is needed. No special screen, no special projector. Just watch the starring outfit. Only \$2.95.



SPOOKS

The Stooges in a hilarious spooky romp... a funnier than ever in 3D. So real they seem to jump right out of the screen. When something is funny, you check. Only \$4.95.



TALES OF HORROR

This 3-D thrills comedy is a wild tale that takes place in an old haunted house. Over 3-Dimensional thrills are mixed up with all sorts of deadly weapons. Only \$4.95.



EAST SIDE KIDS MEET BELA LUGOSI

POURTS OF LAUGHING on the lot. This film watch Bela's all-outstanding work with Bela Lugosi's immortal when featuring Bela Lugosi and the exploits of East Side Kids. Only \$1.95.



WE WANT OUR MUMMY

Find us detectives, our 3 Mummies take a hilarious trip into the Egypt. And when they enter the tomb of WCNV. Only \$2.95.

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$ _____ plus 25¢ postage & handling for each film please!

- ☐ The 4-D Man, \$2.95
- ☐ War Of The Planets, \$2.75
- ☐ War Of The Colossal Beast, \$1.95
- ☐ The Blob, \$3.95
- ☐ It Came From Outer Space, \$2.75
- ☐ A B C Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, \$2.75
- ☐ A B C Meet Frankenstein, \$2.75
- ☐ A B C In Rocket & Roll, \$2.75
- ☐ East Side Kids Meet Bela Lugosi, \$1.95
- ☐ We Want Our Mummy, \$2.95
- ☐ Spooks in 3-D, \$4.95
- ☐ Tales Of Horror in 3-D, \$4.95

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 2787 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE NO _____

HOW DOES IT, PANG GANG... STILL HOOKED ON THE HORROR HABIT I SEE! THEN PERMIT ME TO PUMP A POUNDING PROSE-DOSE INTO YOUR PULSING PAIN-VEIN AS WE FIND OUT WHAT'S IN STORE FOR SOME WEARY TRAVELERS AT....

THEIR JOURNEY'S END

CHEMISTRY...THE FORGOTTEN SCIENCE OF A LOST ERA! NOW PRACTICED IN SECRECY...BEHIND BOLTED DOORS, BY MEN WHO FEAR NO FATE...AND GO DARE TO CHANGE THEIR DESTINY.



SUCH A MAN IS...BETHA...PLEDGED AS OTHERS BEFORE HIM TO PURSUE A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE AS ENDLESS AS THE RITUAL OF TIME...BUT NOW TOTALLY CONTROLLED BY...**MINISTRY!**



NOT SINCE THE DIMENSION YEAR 3004 HAD SUCH A SURGE OF FORBIDDEN STUDY ERUPTED THROUGHOUT **MINISTRY**. FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS, FREE STUDY OF ANY KIND HAD BEEN PUNISHED SEVERELY IF ONE WAS FOUND.

GUILTY! FOR COMMITTING ILLEGAL ACTS OF SCIENTIFIC SABOTAGE AGAINST **MINISTRY!**

DO YOU DENY THE CHARGE, CITIZEN BETHA?

ANSWER **IMMEDIATELY!**

I CANNOT DENY IT, SUPERIOR.

YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT IN OUR DIMENSION THERE IS NO NEED FOR SUCH... EDUCATION!

YOU WILL BE REMOVED TO MAXIMUM DETENTION TO AWAIT YOUR PUNISHMENT!

IF YOU WILL NOT SERVE WILLINGLY... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO MAKE YOU OBEY...

YOU'LL HAVE TO **DESTROY** ME FIRST.

MY NAME IS CITIZEN BETHA... CONVICTED CHEMIST. HAVE YOU BEEN SENTENCED FOR CRIMES ALSO?

I AM CITIZEN ORIN... MY DAUGHTER LANU AND I WERE ARRESTED FOR COMPLETING AN EXPERIMENT

...WITHOUT PERMISSION PAPERS? WHAT WILL THEY DO TO US?

LISTEN... **MINISTRY** IS GOING TO SPEAK.

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON! **MINISTRY** REALIZES THAT NOW YOU ARE SORRY FOR THOSE CRIMES... AND SO YOU SHALL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE ONCE MORE... AS A MEMBER OF OUR GREAT PLAN.



YOU WILL BE
TAKEN NOW TO
INDOCTRINATION
TO BEGIN
RE-TRAINING
AT ONCE!

WE WON'T
SUBMIT...WHAT
CAN YOU HOPE
TO GAIN FROM US?

NO
TALKING!



MY NAME IS KRIN...
I AM IN CHARGE OF
MINISTRY KNOWLEDGE.
AGRON... PLEASE
HAVE OUR GUESTS
SIT DOWN.

YES, OFFICER KRIN!
EVERYONE... SIT
HERE!

YOU KNOW OF COURSE THAT
YOUR ACTS ARE PUNISHABLE
BY DEATH. MINISTRY HAS
DECIDED TO USE YOU,
HOWEVER....

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



THAT IS NOT
NECESSARY. ONLY
THAT YOU ARE
AWARE WE ARE
SUPREME RULER OF
THIS DIMENSION.
IT IS OUR
HERITAGE TO CONTROL
ALL
DIMENSIONS.

WHAT HAVE
WE TO DO
WITH
OTHER
DIMENSIONS?



EVERYTHING, MY FRIEND.
YOU SHALL BECOME A
DIMENSIONAL LINK FOR
MINISTRY WHICH WILL
GUARANTEE US TOTAL
AUTHORITY... WHEN ALL
DIMENSIONS HAVE AT
LAST, BECOME ONE!



NOTHING YOU SAY WILL CHANGE
MY MIND, CITIZEN KRIN-

LOOK OUT-HE'S
GOT A PARA-GUN!
UNHHH-

WORDS ARE NOT THE
WEAPONS WE USE TO
CHANGE IT, FOOL....



THERE IT IS! THE THOUGHT
MALFUNCTION SEEMS TO BE
IN THE ANTERIOR
PORTION OF HIS MIND.

THE ELECTRON
SCALPEL IS
READY, UNIT
SURGEON.

ONCE SURGICAL MIND AMNESIA IS
INDUCED... HE WILL BE INCAPABLE
OF FREE THOUGHT... ONLY MINISTRY
WILL BE REMEMBERED BY HIM.



AND HE WILL
BE READY FOR
RE-TRAINING,
FOR DIMENSION
EXILE.



ORIN... YOU'RE ALIVE!
THEY'VE TAKEN LANU, TOO...
WHAT HAPPENED?

I... I CAN'T
REMEMBER
... BUT I FEEL
ALLRIGHT.
JUST MY
HEAD HURTS
SOME ...



TIRED... SO TIRED.
KEEP THINKING WE'VE
BEEN MISTAKEN ABOUT
MINISTRY....

ORIN... WHAT ABOUT
FREE STUDY... EXPERIMENT...
WHAT ABOUT LANU?



THEY WILL NOT HARM HER,
I TELL YOU... THEY NEED
US... TO SERVE WHEN
WE ARE EXILED.

EXILED...
SO THAT'S
IT! FIRST
THEY TAKE
YOUR MIND
... THEN YOUR
EXISTENCE!



D.O.N'T YOU
UNDERSTAND
... DON'T YOU ...

YES, ORIN...
I UNDERSTAND...
NOW.



LANU... THEN THEY'VE
TAKEN YOU TO THE
CLINIC TOO...

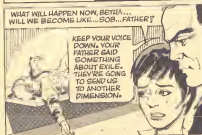
NO...THEY WANTED
ONLY TO KNOW
ABOUT FATHER...
AND OUR
EXPERIMENTS.
WHAT HAVE
THEY **DONE**
TO HIM?



YOU SEE, BETHA...I TOLD YOU...SHE
WOULD NOT BE HARMED! LANU...
MINISTRY HAS GIVEN
US ANOTHER CHANCE...

THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN DO, LANU...
IT'S HIS MIND...THEY'VE
ERASED HIS POWER
TO FREE THOUGHT.

OH, FATHER...
SOB...



WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW, BETHA...
WILL WE BECOME LIKE...SOB...FATHER?

KEEP YOUR VOICE
DOWN. YOUR
FATHER SAID
SOMETHING
ABOUT EXILE.
THEY'RE GOING
TO SEND US
TO ANOTHER
DIMENSION.



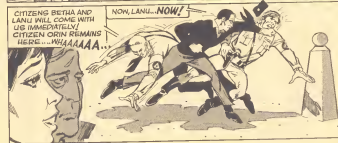
ONCE THEY CHANGE OUR MINDS...
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP OUR-
SELVES...WE'VE GOT TO

ESCAPE!

BUT
HOW...?



REMEMBER LANU...
YOU HELP YOUR
FATHER ONCE
THEY'RE INSIDE...
I'LL DO THE REST.
HERE THEY COME...



CITIZENS BETHA AND
LANU WILL COME WITH
US IMMEDIATELY!
CITIZEN ORIN REMAINS
HERE...WHAAAAA...

NOW, LANU...**NOW!**

ORIN...GET OUT
OF MY WAY!
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

STOP, BETHA...
THIS IS TREASON!
YOU MUST NOT
DO THIS...!



IT WILL DO YOU
NO GOOD TO
RESIST! PUT
DOWN YOUR
WEAPONS!!

FATHER!



IT'S TOO LATE FOR
HIM, LANK...WE
MUST SAVE
OURSELVES, THIS
WAY...HURRY!



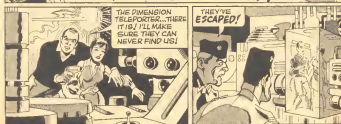
THE PRISONERS...
THEY'RE GOING
INTO THE SECURITY
AREA...THAT'S
WHERE WE KEEP...

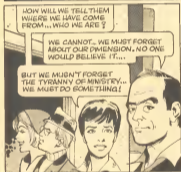
THAT DOOR...IF
IT LEADS TO WHERE
I THINK IT DOES...
WE'LL BE SAFE!



THE DIMENSION
TELEPORTER...THERE
IT IS! I'LL MAKE
SURE THEY CAN
NEVER FIND US!

THEY'VE
ESCAPED!







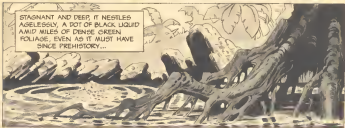
PRESS FORWARD, MERRY MONSTERS... PUSH OVER THE UNDERBRUSH (OR IS IT, UNDER THE OVERBRUSH?) UNTIL WE REACH THE DESOLATE SPOT WHERE I'VE ARRANGED AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU WITH...

IT THAT LURKS!

DARK AND MURKY, COATED WITH SLIME, THE POOL LIES DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, RESTING IN A SHADOWED AREA SURROUNDED BY ANCIENT MOSS-COATED ROCKS...



STAGNANT AND DEEP, IT NESTLES AGELESSLY, A DOT OF BLACK LIQUID AMID MILES OF DENSE GREEN FOLIAGE, EVEN AS IT MUST HAVE SINCE PREHISTORY...



UNCHANGED AND UNSPOILED, IT WAITS, NURTURING UNKNOWN HORROR BENEATH A PLACID SURFACE, TO BE THRUST FORTH ON THE UNSUSPECTING AND UNPREPARED!



SUCH ARE MY THOUGHTS AS I CLING UNBELIEVINGLY TO THE BINOCULARS, WITH MOIST PALMS, BUT MY THROAT IS TOO TIGHTLY CONSTRICTED WITH EXCITEMENT FOR MORE THAN A CHOKED WHISPER TO DR. SERNAG OF...

...MY GOD!

WAS I WRONG, RAMSEY?
ISN'T IT EVERYTHING I
SAID IT TO BE?

I STILL CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO
SPEAK. YOU WHO HAVE READ MY
BOOKS KNOW OF MY HUNTING
EXPERIENCES, OF THE WIDE VARIETY
OF WILD LIFE I'VE STALKED... YET,
THIS... THIS THING INSPIRES A FEAR
AND AWE IN ME BEYOND BELIEF...

THERE WAS SOME-
THING ABOUT THIS
POOL WHEN I
STUMBLERD ON IT
YESTERDAY... I KNEW
IT HAD TO HOLD SOME
SECRET... AND WHEN
I SAW...

...UNTIL I CAN NO LONGER STAND LOOKING!

BUT WHY BRING JUST ME, DOCTOR? THE
WHOLE CAMP SHOULD BE OUT FOR THIS...
WHAT CAN THE TWO OF US DO?

WE CAN CAPTURE IT, RAMSEY!
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE ON THE
EXPEDITION WITH THE ABILITY TO DO IT!

CAN YOU COMPREHEND
WHAT THIS MEANS TO
ME AS A NATURALIST?
AN UNDISCOVERED
SPECIES! IT'S SOME-
THING YOU DREAM
ABOUT... ONE OF THE
MAIN PURPOSES IN THE
EXPEDITION COMING TO
THIS AREA... AND I'VE
DONE IT!

THIS IS LOADED WITH
TRANQUILIZING PELLETS...
YOU CAN DOWN IT! I
KNOW YOU CAN!

DOCTOR, THAT
CREATURE'S BEYOND OUR
REALM OF
EXPERIENCE...
WHO KNOWS
WHAT CAN OR
CAN'T AFFECT
IT...

THE EXPEDITION IS ALL BUT CONCLUDED, READY TO STRIKE CAMP... WITH THE END IN SIGHT, WHY SHOULD I TAKE UNNECESSARY RISKS, ESPECIALLY AGAINST A QUANTITY SO UNKNOWN AS THIS...

I ACHE TO BE OUT OF HERE, BACK IN CIVILIZATION, YET IT DOESN'T COMPARE TO THIS PITIFUL, DRIVING NEED OF SERNAS...

...WE'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THE OTHERS BEFORE WE TACKLE THAT THING!

RAMSEY, TRY TO UNDERSTAND... I MADE THE DISCOVERY, THE MOMENT SHOULD BE MINE ALONE! ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD TO SETTLE FOR BITS AND PIECES OF THE GLORY...

RIISING OUT OF THAT POOL IS THE FULFILLMENT OF EVERY HOPE I EVER HAD... DON'T MAKE ME SHARE SOMETHING AS IMPORTANT AS THAT!

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR. I JUST HOPE THAT MONSTER LURKING OUT THERE IS AS BIG A PUSHOVER AS I AM!



THAT SCALY HIDE LOOKED TOUGH, WE CAN'T RISK A SHOT FROM HERE... WE'LL HAVE TO GET CLOSER... MUCH CLOSER...

NOW A BURST OF SWEAT DRENCHES MY BODY. IT IS NOT THE TROPICAL HEAT... IT'S THE NERVOUS TENSION OF THE HUNT! THE BIGGEST HUNT ANYONE COULD MAKE...

AS WE MOVE SILENTLY THROUGH THE VERDANT UNDERGROWTH, MY OWN THOUGHTS REEL WITH WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT TO ME... I SEE MY WIFE SMILING, LAUGHING... I SMELL HER PERFUME, SENSE HER WARMTH AND CLOSENESS...



...ONLY TO HAVE IT CROWDED OUT BY THE SINGLE-MINDED FERROR AND IMMEDIACY OF DR. SERNAS'S MISSION. HIS MOMENT OF TRIUMPH IS AT HAND... IF I CAN GAIN IT FOR HIM!

HERE! IT'LL HAVE TO BE FROM HERE!



THE JUNGLE IS WITHOUT SOUND. THERE IS NO BREEZE. EVERYTHING IS PERFECTLY STILL. IT HAS BEEN SINCE THAT SHINY REPTILIAN HEAD BROKE THE POOL'S MURKY SURFACE. THERE IS ONLY MY BREATHING, MUCH TOO FAST... I TREMBLE SLIGHTLY LIKE A NOVICE LINING UP HIS... FIRST KILL...



JUST ONE, SERNAS. ONE IS ALL WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR...

THERE IS NOT EVEN A RIPLE ON THAT BLACK, STAGNANT WATER, THE MONSTER IS PERFECTLY STILL, AS THOUGH IT WERE AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE AND COULDN'T CARE LESS. NOW THE GREAT HEAD SLOWLY TURNS TOWARD US...



NOW, RAMSEY, NOW!



SERNAS! SHUT UP!



PA-KOW!

YOU GOT HIM! YOU GOT HIM!

THERE IS NO CRY, NO SCREAM... NO THUNDEROUS BELLOW OF A STRICKEN GIANT... ONLY A SOFT BUBBLING AS THE HUGE BULK SUBMERGES INTO THE INKY DEPTHS...

I WON'T LET IT! NOT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... IT CAN'T! IT CAN'T!

SERNAS, YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T STOP IT! THE TRANQUILIZER MAY WEAR OFF... COME BACK!



SERNAS IS A MAN POSSESSED, INSANELY, HE FLAITS INTO THE SLIME-RIDDEN SURFACE, CLUTCHING AND GRASPING AT THE DISAPPEARING MONSTROSITY... IMMERGING HIMSELF FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE EBONY DEPTHS...



THE DISCOVERY OF AN AGE! MY DREAM! IT MUSTN'T BE LOST...

AND TO MY HORROR I REALIZE THE SINKING BEHEMOTH CARRIES THE DOCTOR ALONG WITH HIM...

...MUSTN'T...BE LOST!



EXCEPT FOR SOME SLOW DYING BUBBLES, THE POOL BECAME AS I HAD FIRST SEEN IT, NESTLING AGELESSLY, UNCHANGED AND UNSPOILED...

SERNAS... GOOD LORD!



THERE IS NOTHING LEFT BUT TO RETURN TO CAMP AND TELL THE OTHERS, YET AS I TURN, THERE IS THE CHURNING OF WATER BEHIND ME...

THE PELLET'S WORN OFF ALL READY! MAYBE I CAN GET OFF ONE SHOT BEFORE IT STRIKES...

WHA... LORD!
OH, LORD...

DARLING, COME TO ME! I NEED YOU SO... COME TO ME NOW!



THE WATER IS COLD, AND THE TUG AND PULL OF THE MOSS AND SLIME IS UNPLEASANT BUT I SMELL HER PERFLUME, REVEL IN THE WARATH OF HER VOICE, AND NEED HER TOO MUCH TO STOP BUT WITH EACH FATAL STEP, THE FULL TRUTH SLOWLY COMES TO ME...

OH, SWEETHEART... ALL THESE MONTHS... LONG, LONG MONTHS.

I MISSED YOU SO... DARLING. DON'T MOVE AWAY...

WE'RE GOING OUT TOO FAR... GETTING TOO DEEP... SWEETHEART...



IT IS NOT THE MONSTER THAT CLAIMED SERNAS, BUT THE POOL! THE POOL THAT WAITS, PATIENTLY, CUNNINGLY... PRODUCING WHATEVER IS MOST EFFECTIVE FOR ITS PREY TO SEE. THE STRONGEST DESIRE ALWAYS WINNING OUT, DRAGGING ITS VICTIM IN... EVEN AS THIS DARK SLIMY MURK NOW CLUTCHES ME...

NOW, IF THAT ISN'T A CASE OF DIRTY POOL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS! WONDER HOW MANY OTHERS ARE DOWN THERE BESIDES RAMSEY AND SERNAS? TAKE A LOOK... OOPS! THERE'S A READER WHO WON'T GET TO FINISH THIS ISSUE... OH WELL, THINK HOW LUCKY THE REST OF YOU ARE...



NEW!!! JUST ARRIVED

GODZILLA

Monster from a million years ago. Now you can build a perfect replica of this Ancient Terror-Monster. His massive feet smash cities, his ferocious jaws are always ready to strike with the force of a hurricane.



KING KONG

The fiercest and greatest of them all. Terror of the Ancient World. Rival of the Ages. All can be recreated when you build this perfect model with all the many details that make King Kong back to life.



MOVIE MONSTER MODELS

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

The mask is off. The mind is now completely gone... Head FRANKIE'S eyes peer out from a face etched in horror. Here is all the detail of the Ghost of the Paris Opera. Dressed with cape, black tie and tails, with his companion the censer and sword. He mask held high. And below the dungeon window from which he came, here catches the scuffle with sword and scrooge for revenge.



THE MUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. The greatest of all Monster characters, you will see not only the physical ugliness, but the beautiful soul that made San Chevre's performance a great classic. GAIL-INGO, the MUNCHBACK, is as the black in the city square. A vicious rage hangs around his neck. His hands are in chains. His throat is pierced with a sword. He looks up in ghastly fear at his tormentors.



THE MUMMY—You'll be delighted at the many small of old Egyptian tactics. The real life death-like look with features you as you put the Mummy together. At CARBON, how you place the sacred stones that contain the magic signs—or there can be trouble. The looks—but you know all about that... don't you?



FRANKENSTEIN. This great model is made up of 31 separate parts. When complete it stands on 12". You place it yourself with wash drying, and when finished the amazing figure of the great monster appears to walk right off the DRAPESTONE base that is part of the kit.



WOLF MAN—in all his hairy splendor, arms spread, ready to slash his next victim. Complete in every detail, this kit when you assemble it... before you run out of the room, is a detailed scale model of "WOLF MAN" surrounded by his favorite playmates.



DEACULA—the sound of mid-night, heads stretched out in his famous "Terror Shores," looks at you with chilling eyes and grasping hands. Ring-like teeth longer for the taste of blood. In a twisted tree hanging from his favorite hat pole.

tell and some complete in every detail, just as you see them here. Each model has approximately twenty five separate pieces complete with all the exciting touches. You paint them yourself with quick drying enamel, and when you're finished, the amazing figures seem to come to life and look as if they'd start prowling around your room.



THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON. We dare you to put this one together. Horrifying, straight from the water. Assemble with caution as that you don't sink yourself as the razor sharp claws, watch the hand as you attack it... sharp teeth.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER KIT
P.O. Box 1010, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

Shurry up and send in 1 order thought I'd get the chance to build my very own MOVIE MONSTER. The basement is ready my fingers are itching to get to work. I want a

- ☐ THE MUMMY KIT \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER KIT \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ DEACULA MONSTER KIT \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ WOLFMAN MONSTER KIT \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ THE MUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME MONSTER KIT \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ PHANTOM OF THE OPERA MONSTER KIT \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ GODZILLA \$1.49 plus 25¢ for postage & handling
- ☐ KING KONG \$1.49 plus 25¢ for postage & handling

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____

THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



There's the spell bell... **KNELL SNOWES**... so after into your **SHOCK SEATS** for our second **SATANIC SEMINAR** of scinty-ing social studies! Just flip your night to'der to the letter **B** and we'll begin the brutality with some blab about the...

BLACK BOOKS!!!

Slowly we approach the most draped scaffold, particles of powdered ash rising to break against the shimmering net of busy spiders. A sickening stretch settles upon the choking darkness and then, a swirl of molten smoke unclouds a black robed prophet standing with in the vapors. **SATANI** His sightless eyes survey your trembling body from his pal pit, and then, an aching measure to each move, he lifts his fleshless fingers onto a ponderous, black book. Stay back... the silence warns you... keep distance beyond the mirror of evil who ones the deafness of his magic into your ears. He hopes to chant your soul... for in that book all things of death are written. The past... the present... verse that reads the future... all in the pages of his missal.

Satan's missals or **GRIMOIRES** as they are known, are dark volumes of sorcery, all manner and method of necromancy confined within each page. The black books contains the chants of demons and druids... the spells of witches and warlocks that could summon the dead or silence the living! The first **GRIMOIRE** was introduced in Greece about 100 AD and from that moment on, the volumes which followed became the solemn scriptures of damned. Anyone who sought to impose upon the Devil had only to seek the chapter of his choice, for binding pacts were carefully imprinted on the parchment's power, word by riches, fortune as beyond reality could be had for the ritual of blasphemy and the promise of one's soul. For the



Your reckless rebel better watch that remarkable robot if he doesn't want to be ruthlessly ruined! Even though **DARING D. CABRERA** from Miami, Florida tells us our hero has that harrowing hallucination under control... it looks like the double dealing dude in the derby is pushing all the buttons!

necromancer whose search evoked the fury of Hades, the **GRIMOIRE** became his laboratory of doom. In the **GRIMORIUM VERUM** which was published in 1517 by Albrecht the Egyptian, one learned how to become invisible. Or perhaps it was hate you preferred to conjure up... or sickness... **PAIN!** Legend tells us of **SATAN'S GRIMOIRE**... fabled by all infernal mortals through the ages to reap the havoc of their sins. Who can say what fate awaits you should you chance to find a book... take care if a black cover does not invite your eyes inside! Might it be the **SATAN'S GRIMOIRE**... seen only by those who assemble in... **HADES!**

Glad you could peek in at our **PEEK-IN**... not total. Now that you've joined the crowd in the catcombs, if you won't mind a shattering splatter of better chatter... claw on this next choice chunk of gore gunk coming up! **JARRING JOSEPH ALASKY** warns us about a sleeping stranger so let's find out whose lying there on that...

PARK BENCH

Break night breezes swept the sky and deavored the wind's refuse to the city park. It skinned the wet walls and bounded a ribbon, silhouettes of tumbleweed against a grey twilight sky. Like rousing signals of an imminent danger. This of

course, didn't affect Lannon. But, then again, nothing had... at least not since night had fallen. Despite the recent reports of a miniscule, axe murderer maiming the city streets after dark. But then, why should this bother Lannon? He had remained napping on the park bench, even while the flying shadows of debris blended into the darkening sky. The threats of the city meant nothing to him, he slept peacefully, his face hidden beneath the wrinkled news papers. Footsteps could be heard as they slowly approached Lannon's prostrate body. A hapless drunk, search for company. As he reached the park bench, he saw Lannon. Immediately he sat at his feet and began speaking in alcohol choked words that Lannon merely ignored. After the drunk realized that his silent audience might just as soon be left alone, he stood up and staggered away, leaving Lannon just as he had found him. Only the mumbled of non-sensical rumors about the mad seaman returned the muttering of the drunk, and soon the break night breezes had returned to reclaim the debris it had brought to the returned to reclaim the debris it had brought to the park earlier. This time however, they had cleared a scrap of litter not previously carried before. A wrinkled newspaper that, when called by the wind, revealed fully the motionless Lannon, un affected, quite alive and peaceful as a result of his decapitation that evening in the park. Deserted forms from the sky suddenly returned to grey with the dawn.

END

Hey Gang! Want to join the Creepy Fan Club and get your numbered membership card? We have color club pins, and full-color portrait of lovely Creepy? Just send \$3.00 to:

CREEPY FAN CLUB
22 E. 42nd St.
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YOU **ERIE** ENTHUSIASTS ARE JUST IN TIME TO TAKE PART IN A LITTLE TERROR TRANS-ACTION I'M ARRANGING... AS USUAL IN MY DEMONICAL DEALS, THERE ARE A FEW STRINGS ATTACHED, AS JEWELLER **LESTER DAWGROW** FINDS OUT IN THIS LITTLE GEM I CALL...

DEEP RUBY!

PEDDAS IT WAS A FEW YEARS AGO, PERHAPS A FEW MINUTES... I'M NO LONGER CERTAIN, AND IT NO LONGER MATTERS, I HAD WORKED QUITE LATE AT THE SHOP AND WAS STARTING HOME...

WHAT TH...

PSST!
MISTER...

THE MAN WAS A HORROR, SEEDY AND WRITHEO... A LEERING LURCHING EXAMPLE OF HOW LOW HUMANITY COULD SINK. I RECOILED AT THE VERY SIGHT OF HIM APPROACHING ME.

GET BACK! I'LL HAVE THE POLICE ON YOU IF YOU TRY ANYTHING!

DON'T GET EXCITED! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL INTEREST YOU!



MY REVULSION SEEMED ALMOST TO DELIGHT HIM... HE PRESSED CLOSE, SNAGGLE-TOOTHED MOUTH BREAKING INTO A TERRIBLE SMILE. I TENSED AS THE DIRTY, SPIT-NAILED FINGERS FUMBLER IN HIS POCKET...

NOTHING YOU HAVE COULD...

EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS?



I'VE DEALT IN GEMS MOST OF MY LIFE. YET NEVER HAD I SEEN THE MATCH OF THE GUMMING RED OVAL BEFORE! ME... SO LARGE... SO PERFECT... IT-IT CAN'T BE REAL...

TAKE YOUR TIME... LOOK IT OVER CLOSELY...



HOW... HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?



MONEY ISN'T THE OBJECT. THE IMPORTANT THING IS... DO YOU WANT IT? LOOK CLOSELY... DECIDE!

IT'S TOO CRAZY... YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING! FIND ANOTHER SUCKER!

DON'T BE HASTY, MR. DARKOW...



WHY NOT HAVE JUST ONE MORE LOOK? JUST TO BE CERTAIN... A GOOD CLOSE LOOK...

PERHAPS I WILL... ONE MORE GLANCE CAN'T HURT...



YES... BUT NOT JUST A GLANCE! STUDY IT... THE RICH, FULL COLOR, THAT DEEP GLEAMING RED...



EXAMINE THE VASTNESS, THE COMPLEXITY WITHIN... BEYOND THE CUT SURFACE, THERE'S MORE... MUCH MORE!



YES... YES!



I MUST HAVE IT!



EVEN AS I WAS UTTERING THE WORDS I FELT DRAIN MORE AND MORE TO THAT SWIRLING BLOOD RED VASTNESS THAT SPRUNGLED AND GUTTERED BEFORE ME...



UNTIL THE TERRIBLE EXTENT OF MY FASCINATION BEGAN SLOWLY TO PENETRATE MY OVERWHELMED SENSES...



AMONG THE HANDLERS OF PRECIOUS STONES, THERE ARE DARK RUMORS VAGUELY ALLUDED TO... STRANGE TALES OF DREAMING JEWELS, SORCERERS' STONES! PRICELESS GEMS CURSED AND HAUNTED... AND IN ONE MADDENING INSTANT, I KNEW THEM TO BE TRUE!



YET IT WAS, LIKE SOME WANDERER OF THE COSMOS I PLUNGED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THIS MICROCOSMIC UNIVERSE... AT THE MERCY OF A POWER BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION...

AND AS I SWEPT ON CAME THE GROWING UNCOMFORTABLE SENSATION THAT I WAS NOT ALONE IN THIS NIGHTMARE DIMENSION...





OUTSIDER! ANOTHER
OUTSIDER!

YAH!



SCREECHING HORROR SWOOPED TOWARD ME ON DEMON
WINGS... MY WITS FAILED ME BUT SOMEHOW, MY RE-
FLEXES DID NOT!



NOTHING COULD HAVE BEEN SHORTER LIVED THAN THIS
BRIEF VICTORY FOR THE INHABITANTS OF THIS DEEP RUBY
WORLD WERE NOT LIMITED IN NUMBER.

OUTSIDER!
OUTSIDER!

NO! GOOD GOD
NO!



NOR STRENGTH AND AGILITY...
WE HAVE HIM!
HE'S OURS!

WHY ARE YOU DOING
THIS? I DON'T MEAN
ANY HARM! LEAVE ME
ALONE... PLEASE!



RELESSLY IN THE
GRIP OF THE SUPREMA-
TURAL I WAS PULLED
THROUGH THE EVER-
SHIFTING ATMOSPHERE
TOWARD AN INCREAS-
INGLY THUNDEROUS
GRINDING SOUND...

T-THAT THING AHEAD...
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING
ME? WHAT IS
THAT?



IT IS THE SOURCE...
THE CENTER OF THE RUBY
UNIVERSE.



IN THE FACE OF GRINDING DEATH, I FOUND THE
STRENGTH OF INSANE DESPERATION...



...PLUNGING WITH DRIVING ANIMAL FEAR AWAY FROM
THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE... SLASHING THROUGH LAYER
AFTER LAYER OF NEBULOUS NIGHTMARE...



UNTIL I POUNDED WITH BLEEDING HANDS AGAINST THE OUTER
SHELL OF THIS UNIVERSE OF HORROR!



THIS TIME THERE WAS NO FADING OR
SWIRLING... ONLY ONE VAST ALL CONSUM-
ING JOLT!



NOW AS I CROUCH
HERE IN THE SHADOWS
STARING OUT INTO THE
VERY REAL EVERYDAY
WORLD I REALIZE
FULLY THE PRICE
REQUIRED OF ME TO
ESCAPE THAT DEEP
RUBY HELL...



...AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I MUST DO AND KEEP DOING UNTIL I FIND ONE WHO IS WILLING TO
PAY THE SAME PRICE... SOMEONE... **ANYONE!**



WELL WRITHING READERS, HOW'S YOUR SALES
RESISTANCE? DON'T EXAMINE THE MERCHANDISE TOO
CLOSELY OR YOU MAY FINISH THE ISSUE FROM INSIDE
THE RUBY! BETTER PLAY IT SAFE AND RUN ON TO
THE NEXT OF MY NAUSEATING NOVELTIES!



A 70,000-year-old legend of ingenuity comes to life, telling the story of a brilliant genius in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your eyes—black and white. Only \$9.95.



New sequel to 1974 The companion film to '74 was a teenage Frankenstein. Naranga has been in handling World's war against the high school students. Good, family film. Only \$5.95



WOOD COUNTY DUTY ON TOP: Backwards at
Welland! We won't give it away but here is a
Mander Music (that plays for fun on WFO
with the world's weird advertising light it
is the world's Atomic (Championable Pull it
off) and still for Mander Music collectors.
1960 Ford, \$1.75



A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the mad Frankensteins monster ever born. He mixes up with a teenage FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a woman's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his Frankish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. Runs, 200 feet. \$3.95



maker like the sweetest mother made your smile. The Berlin Warden gives an unforgettable performance. The dark dark sound of this film is not for the light-minded. Full of light and sight, it is just right for you. *Memento* Film collection. (April, white in hard bind) \$ white or in uncolored (reduced). This issue film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, 18 95. Technicolor 214 95



FEARFUL FRAGMENTATION magazine: Don's Radial wrote to many High Lanchman. Nothing about this fragment was-44000 can even the fact that it is half full is wrapped in plastic glass and has many children around his neck. A child's face every picture should wear from 140 feet, \$5.75.



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Santa Claus could be as lovable-able as the original MIGHTY BUCK in 1932 he led the Hollywood studio "huck" him for hours, wrapping melting guests, spraying chemicals, holding it all with only the wonder MIGHTY was so wonderful as THE MIGHTY he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's ending. They'll take you grand through an eye with his early performance. Snow, 100 lbs. \$2.75.



TOMB
DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge and in this case, a 19-year-old mummy starts out by revenge the stealing of his eggs in Egypt. Now he does his dirty work, and the child involved makes *Tom Midgett's Tomb* a far from scary, exciting movie film. *Tom Midgett's Tomb*, 1990 (vid., \$9.95).



Black Hawk, hairy vulture
for Pap Wasp and Dugout
Boys full of Vespertine
wind storms, mud rain
spills, etc. A super chucker.
Full 200 feet. Area 28 ft.



CAN THE GRAYE OPEN UP and give both its ghostly, ghostly guests in your car, and in THE UNDEAD house, coming from the grave in the land of night as well as you make a chain of events. You find on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. Item: 300 (see: 51-52)



WART HOPPED—what dark spring madness takes over in a female insect planet? *Wart!* Who is the Bambi with 3 legs? *Foto*: Larry walks through this super world of his dramatic lens. As you watch these scenes unfold, you sit on the edge of your seat in absolute awe! This feature film is now available for the collector. Order today. Item: 200. Cost: \$5.95.



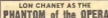
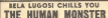
BELA LUGOSI CHILLS YOU
THE HUMAN MONSTER



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through the London fog for his studies. This legend
gives one of the greatest performances of his career.
In this classic film Florida, complete, presented
in this format. His work has been collected
in 14 days. Now, last but, not least.



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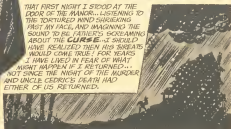
UNBUTTON YOUR BRAINS BABBLING BOOK SNOOKS! GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR GUNGLING GULLET... WHILE WE IMBIBE ANOTHER BEWILDERING BELLY-FULL ABOUT A BAFFLING FAMILY WHO EXPECTS

AN UNLIKELY VISITOR

IN A MOMENT THE SUN WILL SET...EVEN NOW I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING! IF I'D LISTENED TO MY FATHER'S WARNINGS ABOUT COMING TO WINGATE MANOR...INSTEAD OF IGNORING HIM AS A MAN GONE MAD...PERHAPS THIS WOULDN'T HAVE ENDED IN DISASTER!



THAT FIRST NIGHT I STOOD AT THE DOOR OF THE MANOR...LISTENING TO THE TORTURED MIND SHRIEeking PAST MY FACE, AND IMAGINING THE SOUND TO BE FATHER'S SCREAMING ABOUT THE **CURSE**...I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THEN HIS THREATS WOULD COME TRUE! FOR YEARS I HAVE LIVED IN FEAR OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF I RETURNED... NOT SINCE THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER AND UNCLE CEDRIC'S DEATH HAD EITHER OF US RETURNED.



NOW THAT FATHER WAS DEAD, I HAD DECIDED TO COME BACK...WHATEVER THE CONSEQUENCES MIGHT BE. I WASN'T CONVINCED THAT THE WORST WOULD HAPPEN...NOT YET!

IT WAS HERE IN THIS HOUSE...WITH AUNT AGATHA AND MY COUSINS HARRON AND VANESSA...THAT THE SECRET OF THE WINGATE CURSE LAY HIDDEN!



I'M STEPHAN WINGATE. AGATHA WINGATE, MY AUNT...IS EXPECTING ME.

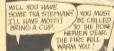


PARDON, MISS AGATHA... BUT THIS GENTLEMAN SAYS HE'S YOUR... NEPHEW.



STEPHAN! HOW WONDERFUL. HARRON, VANESSA... LOOK WHO'S HERE AT LAST!

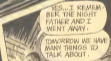
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COUSIN STEPHAN.



WILL YOU HAVE SOME TEA STEPHAN? I'LL HAVE MOPFITT BRING A CUP.

YOU MUST BE CHILLED TO THE BONE NEPHEW DEAR. THE FIRE WILL WARM YOU!

WE WERE SO PLEASED WHEN THE LETTER CAME ABOUT YOUR VISIT. IT MUST BE FIFTEEN YEARS.



YES...I REMEMBER THE NIGHT FATHER AND I WENT AWAY.

TOMORROW WE HAVE MANY THINGS TO TALK ABOUT.

GOODNIGHT STEPHAN...





WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF OURSELVES...WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN...



...WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN...WHAHAHAHA... OH... THE NIGHTMARE AGAIN...



THAT DREAM LAST NIGHT... WILL ANYTHING REALLY HAPPEN TO ME ...?

WHERE IS EVERYONE THIS MORNING MOFFIT? NOT STILL ASLEEP ARE THEY?

MISS AGATHA HAS GONE TO THE VILLAGE. THEY MAY NOT BE BACK BEFORE SUNDOWN...



SUNDOWN... THAT GIVES ME ALL DAY TO LOOK AROUND... AT ININGSATE.

YOU'RE EXPECTED TO JOIN THE FAMILY THIS EVENING... AT DINNER SIR...



BUT I WAS NO NEARER AN ANSWER AFTER THAT FIRST DAY THAN I HAD BEEN WHEN I'D ARRIVED. I KNEW TIME WAS AGAINST ME...AND ALL I GAINED THAT EVENING WAS ALYX AGATHA'S EXPLANATION FOR SOMETHING I'D DISCOVERED IN A GROTTO...

AN OLD DOOR...HIDDEN BENEATH THE WEEDS OF TIME'S NEGLECT. A FORGOTTEN ENTRANCE NOW SEALED QUITE SHUT.



THE WINE WAS REMOVED YEARS AGO...WHEN THE CEILING'S BEGAN TO SEEP. THE CASKETS WERE ROTTING...

WE HAVEN'T USED THAT CELLAR IN YEARS... HAVE WE MOTHER?

NO...WE HAVEN'T... NOT IN YEARS.

SOME WINE...MASTER STEPHAN & THEY SAY IT WARMS...THE BLOOD.

DOOR? WHAT DOOR...OH IT MUST BE THE ONE FOR THE WINE CATACOMBS. I WOULD THINK IT WOULD BE AGED TIGHT BY NOW.

IT WAS...I TRIED TO BUDGE IT THIS AFTERNOON...WITHOUT SUCCESS.

IS THAT WHAT THEY SAY... MOFFIT?



THE LAST TIME I SAW
YOUR UNCLE CEDRIC
WAS ON THIS TERRACE
...FIFTEEN YEARS
AGO STEPHAN.

THAT AWFUL
NIGHT...WHEN
THEY FOUND
THE GIRL.

YES...THE GIRL, ONE OF THE
VILLAGERS...THEY FOUND HER
HORRIBLY MURDERED. IN
THEIR MADNESS THEY
ACCUSED CEDRIC...

...CLAIMING THEY HAD
SEEN THE FIENDISH MUR-
DERER AND FOLLOWED HIM
...TO WINGATE MANOR!



THERE
HE IS...

DESTROY
THE
MONSTER!

DESTROY
HIM!

WHEN YOUR FATHER
FOUND ME...HE TOLD ME
CEDRIC WAS DEAD. THEY'D
KILLED HIM AND BURNED
HIS BODY...THINKING HIM
SOMEONE UNWOLY.

YOUR FATHER TOOK
YOU AWAY THEN STEPHAN,
FRIGHTENED BY WHAT THEY
WERE SAYING ABOUT
WINGATE!



IF WE'D REMAINED
...THE CURSE WOULD
HAVE DESTROYED
US TOO!



I HAD TO TELL AUNT AGATHA I
KNEW ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT
HAD HAPPENED...BEFORE IT WAS
TOO LATE...



BUT EVEN AS I WONDERED IF THE FLOATING FORM I WATCHED
VANISHING INTO THE THICK MIST...WAS REAL...OR MERELY AN
APPARITION OF MY SWIRLING MIND...I KNEW MY TIME HAD
RUN OUT!



HOW IT'S TOO LATE ... IN A
MOMENT THEY'LL COME FOR
ME... SOMEONE MUST FIND THIS
DIARY... SOMEDAY...

STEPHAN...
ARE YOU AWAKE...

WE HAVE A
SURPRISE FOR
YOU... WEE ...

DIARY

... HOPING...
AS I OPENED THE DOOR
TO SEE THEIR FACES FOR
THE LAST TIME...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
... ST ... CHUCK ...

YOU!!

...THEY
WOULD UNDER-
STAND I COULDN'T
HELP MYSELF. I **HAD** TO KILL
THEM... JUST AS I'D KILLED
THAT GIRL... **FIFTEEN**
YEARS AGO!!!

SO THAT'S WHAT ALL OF
STEPHAN'S **HOWLING**
WAS ABOUT... A GUY'S
GOTTA MAKE SURE HE
ISN'T **BARKING**
UP THE WRONG CORNER!
HERE HE WAS HOPING
A FAMILY COULD **STAY**
TOGETHER ... BY
PREYING TOGETHER
... SHIGGLE ...



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